

O S E



H I V E.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1805.

NOVELIST.

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

CHAP. I.

"See where she leans her cheek upon her hand.
"Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
"That I might kiss her cheek!"

SUCH was the attitude of Maria, and such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathising throb, awakened by beauty when melancholy has given resistless allurements to the features.

"Alas!" sighed she, "how hopeless is this cruel passion, which I have suffered to obtrude itself into my bosom!—But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart, and of the understanding?—Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect a man of Courtney's opulence, would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency!—Yet my family was once not much inferior in honor or opulence to his own: and sure the mind of Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the generosity of his heart, if that heart sympathises not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex! forbid at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible; if we love it is without hope—while to our sufferings, even the mournful consolation of pity is denied!—But, perhaps, I merit this misery; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to wantonness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of so tender a passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment

from beginning on the part of the female; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence; will the tenderest passion of the soul be influenced by the cold dictates of opinion; can the heart on which nature has affixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion.—Why are our sex endowed with sensibility? why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature. Of what can I reproach myself, but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with vainful caution, I have endeavored to conceal."

Thus, while the tear trembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who, summoned her into the drawing room, to officiate at the altar of Hysonia, informing her at the same time, with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

CHAP. II.

"And every tongue that lisps forth Romeo's name,
"Speaks heav'nly eloquence."

This speech of Juliet breathes the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstance will illustrate. It is necessary, before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then, the pensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Court-

ney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little Starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little prattler, that from morning to night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative, as soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter, (anxious no doubt to shew her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended to her summons) hastened to the drawing room, forgetting even to give her favorite bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded blossom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly gallant began to display his talents for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company, all this while, Miss Maria. We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion; but Miss Susanna was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juvenility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her puerile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations." "Your observations would be perfectly just, if applied to the generalty of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but Miss Maria, perhaps very prudently avoids political topics, yet, from the conversation with which she favors us, we have no reason to doubt her ability to display the excellencies of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiognomist, and will venture to pronounce, that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."

Hope, cheerful soother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria that there was an unusual softness in the tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now, with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hysonia.

If thou hast a heart, O reader! thou wouldst undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odouriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave vulgarly called tea-cups; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake to avoid comparison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have heretofore noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the bosom of the priestess, roused him from his reverie—as the reader will see in the next chapter.

Hudibras beautifully tells us, that a sincere friend is

"True as the dial to the sun,
"Altho' it be not shone upon."

AMUSING.

DIVORCES.

THE surgeon, who is employed in patching up that frail piece of mechanism, the human body, applies lenitives, cataplasms, or the caustic, as the nature of the case may require. In like manner, the moralist, who employs himself in the repairing of that more frail material, the *mind*, must apply ridicule, satire, or the caustic of reprehension.

It is remarkable, that the most important, has ever been considered as the most ridiculous and laughable event of human life:—I mean matrimony. The bonds of marriage sat sufficiently loose on society, before the French made them a perfect nullity.—An inseparable connexion for life may, in some cases, be considered as an evil; but where the parties know there is no remedy, they will commonly be more circumspect in their conduct. Where a legal separation can be procured without difficulty, married people will frequently become careless, and sometimes run into those excesses which will lead to the end they have in view.—By the gospel dispensation, divorces appear to be prohibited in all cases except for a breach of the seventh commandment; and Moses is excused for allowing the Jews a writing of divorcement, as he did it *because of the hardness of their hearts*.

I have been led into reflections on this subject by the numerous postings of husbands and wives, and advertisements for divorces, which we see in the public papers. These practices I conceive to be immoral in themselves, and the result of a great relaxation of morals in society. They are carried to so blamable an excess, that a man in a neighboring state lately applied to an eminent attorney, to procure him a divorce *because his wife, when she made the bed, put the greatest part of the feathers on her own side of it!*

Hints to a Young Physician.

BE careful to humor your splenetic patients, and especially women who always have a garret full of herbs, which they apply to all cases whatever. If you think them wholly useless, or even pernicious, never dare to say so; but when a good lady proposes the use of an infusion of balm, hyssop or rosemary, always assent to it—and give the

direction of medicine wholly to her, or the nurse. This will recommend you to their favor, and procure you business; at the same time, if the disease should take an unfavorable turn, you can shift off the blame from yourself upon the *paltry women's messes*.

But the best part of your business lies with old crazy constitutions; men and women who have been long troubled with the *hyp* and hysterics. These people can be neither killed, cured nor relieved any further than by playing upon the imagination; they are therefore proper subjects for experiment and deception. They are always complaining and therefore must be amused with taking a variety of medicine. Never recommend exercise, labor, riding, walking, &c. for this will not give you the reputation of a sensible man; exercise is too simple and vulgar a remedy.—

Deal profusely in gums, pills and powders; for besides the reputation you will derive from such prescriptions, the use of them may not a little increase the profit of your business. The imagination of your patient must be wrought upon, and for this purpose rich imported drugs are by no means necessary. Take an equal portion of saw dust, old worm eaten timber pulverized, wheat flower, &c. mix them in water, and add a small quantity of the aromatic liquids to give the composition an agreeable flavor, then make it into pills, and administer them to all whimsical patients whatever. Tell them how the pills will operate, or the patients will never know; but if you point out the effects of the pills, the patients will *imagine* them all to take place; and that is all that will be necessary to give a temporary relief. You will not fail to inform your patient that the case is extremely *difficult and critical*—and that the medicine is *scarce and precious*—Then you may put what charge you please upon your *saw dust*.

MISCELLANY.

THE INVISIBLE LADY.

The following explanation of this mystery is from a small work published in Boston, entitled *The Expositor, or Many Mysteries Revealed*.

The accoustic so much esteemed, and whose performances have astonished all Europe, responds by the assist-

ance of tubes through which the sounds are conveyed.—To simplify this: The form of the railing, you no doubt recollect, has been mentioned as being octagonal, containing eight posts, connected by bars from post to post (See plate, fig. 1.) Four of these posts diametrically opposite each other are excavated, as also their four connecting bars: these excavated posts contain tin tubes running to the middle of their respective connecting bars: The tubes in the bars communicate the sound, on that side of the bar next the temple, by an incision made in the tube.—Have special care that the ends of these tubes be closed, and the side of the bar at the incision in the tube cut wafer thin about the bigness of the incision, and there perforated full of small holes made with a needle. At the bottom of the four excavated posts are four tin elbows, connected with the tubes in the posts; to these add a length of pipe continued to a distance sufficient to prevent the agent's natural voice being heard by the company; making directions of the four tubes, between the floor and the ceiling, by the help of elbows to where the agent is concealed. Here is a concavity of tin into which the four pipes enter, made in the form of a common tin tunnel, its outward circumference about two feet: From this concave the agent receives the question put to the temple, and returns the answer by speaking in the same. This prepared, suspend the temple to the four solid posts, with the four trumpets towards the four mouths of the tubes in the perforated bars. Then a question put to either of these trumpets will appear as proceeding from the chest of the temple, and will be distinctly understood by the person secreted at the extremity of these tubes. He putting his ear at the orifice of the concave to which the four tubes join, and by speaking in the same, the answer will appear as proceeding from the chest.

The faculty of the lady's apparently seeing is all that now remains unexplained.—This it is that evades the researches of philosophy; for whilst the sight is considered as the faculty of the same object from whence proceeds a voice so loud and distinct, it has and will elude all positive decision. For instance: suppose the person, who asks and resolves the question, was disposed in such a manner as that the sight might be made practicable to him, his nearness

to the assembly would cause his natural voice to be heard. To perfect this deception, therefore, two persons are necessary; the one to see whatever is presented to the globe on the top of the dome of the temple, the other to inform. For this purpose, two girandoles with lattace work are placed in the exhibition room opposite each other; or transparent paintings will answer the same purpose; these girandoles or paintings are considered by the company merely as ornaments. Behind one of these there is a small aperture, through the partition to an adjoining room, where the person appointed to see whatever is presented to the ball takes his station. His business is to communicate, in a whisper, to the person who is to inform the company of what is presented to the ball or incomprehensible mirror, so termed, on the top of the dome. To effect this, there is a pipe for the purpose of conveying this information, leading from the apartment of the spectator to the person closetted for speaking, singing, &c. who, when asked what is held to the ball, claps an ear to the communicating pipes.—The one behind the girandole whispers, a gold ring, or whatever happens to be held. Then the invisible answers, a gold ring, to the astonishment of the company.

There is a very singular passage in Pliny, which I do not know whether it has ever been tried by the moderns; it is in his 32d book and 5th chapter.

“Democritus says, let the tongue of a living frog be extracted, without permitting a particle of its other flesh to adhere to it: then throw it into water; after a short time take it out, and lay it on the breast of a woman asleep, on the spot where the palpitation of her heart is perceptible; whatever questions you then propose to her, she will answer to you truly.” What an easy and admirable mode this of discovering the thoughts and affections of the coy, the coquetish and gallant female? Little do they know the power of this key, which infallibly unlocks all the amorous secrets contained in their breasts! I might have made a fortune by advertising this valuable recipe, which effectually curbed the vagaries of the Grecian ladies 2000 years ago. The ladies will be obliged to me, I expect, for putting them on their guard.

PATHETIC.

When the arm of some tender wife, pillows the head of a faithful husband—when she wipes from his brow the cold dew of dissolving nature; when eye meets eye, and in mute eloquence announces the throbbings of an agonizing heart!—then it is that this *Victor of the world* surrounds us with a scene that humanity wants fortitude to sustain.

It was extremely fashionable in former times for ladies to wear a great number of patches on their faces, and it was a principal amusement to cut them out into various shapes. Hence these lines in *Hudibras*.

Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns and moons and stars.

At Haerlem, in Holland, a cambrick cockade is hung at the door to show the woman of the house is brought to bed, and that the husband claims protection from arrest for the six weeks of her confinement. A breeding lady of course is a valuable acquisition.

[We copy the following from a Walpoole (New-Hampshire) paper, of May 4, 1805.]

A Shower of Snow Balls.

On Friday last, about 4 o'clock, a small cloud appeared in the north west, that arose rapidly to the zenith, and commenced a discharge of snow-balls about the size of a walnut. Ten of them weighed an ounce after being considerably dissolved. They were more perfectly in a globular form than I ever saw hail—were quite dry when they fell, and easily broken between the thumb and finger. When the cloud appeared the mercury in a thermometer stood at 63° of Fahrenheit's scale. The volley of snow-balls cooled the air so much that it immediately fell to 48°. And in a few minutes after the cloud had passed the zenith, it arose again to 72°. They have beaten a considerable part of the buds off the trees. It extended over about five or six miles square, and fell about an inch deep.

This is, to me, quite a singular phenomenon—having never seen or heard any thing like it before. And if it is a phenomenon until now unknown, the facts may be of use to meteorologists in correcting their theories of the formation of hail.

Pembroke, April 29, 1805.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

DELIA'S ANSWER.

ON Connetogee's banks, at eve,
Where Nature's varied sketch we meet,
Woods, hill and rock sublime relieve,
Inspire with contemplation sweet.

Pensive along the stream I strayed,
Slow as its gentle leaf that floats,
While fishes near the margin played,
And birds bestowed their vernal notes.

I found a Lover's fond adieu,
The lines descriptive I approve,
Perhaps the sonnet all is true,
Nor fiction paints the glowing love.

And yet, no more the stream to prize,
He turns to scenes which splendid roll;
And may some happier Delia's eyes,
Shed softest influence o'er his soul.

If love sincere my Poet taught,
Yet loved Relations bar my way—
I muse in soft bewilder'd thought,
Till musing leads me more astray:

True! while I heard each tender lay,
Some spark I felt which Time must name;
His wing will waste the spark away,
Or ah, this bosom—all a flame!

Lancaster, 13 May 1805.

DELIA.

[We seldom see more of the genuine spirit
of Poesy in fugitive productions, than is to
be found in the following.]

THE BIRTH OF A BLUSH.

WHEN o'er the pure and blissful earth,
Vice first her baneful influence shed,
And gave those latent poisons birth
That through life's sweets infection spread:

Bereft of home, her form to screen,
Meek modesty deserted stray'd;
Unnotic'd and unknown when seen,
Pensive, she droop'd her beauteous head:

For affectation, child of guile,
Usurp'd the virgin's small domain;
Assum'd her air—her artless smile—
And, undisputed, held her reign.

Then heav'n benign bestow'd her aid,
The fiend's increasing pow'r to crush,
Bore to the light the feeble maid,
And mark'd her presence with—a blush.

EPIGRAM.

To a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

With out-stretch'd arms, & face affecting joy,
Why dost thou greet the man thou wouldst
destroy?

Step forth; declare thyself; 'tis all I ask;
Nor shoot thy arrows from behind a mask.
Danger may be avoided when reveal'd;
Destruction follows when it is conceal'd.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Jovis omnia plena—VIRGIL.

BRIGHT in verdure, gaily smiling,
MAY trips lightly o'er the plain,
Thousand beauties, time beguiling,
Wanton in her rosy train.

Nature all her charms discloses,
Fields in lively colours bloom,
Golden cowslips, pale primroses,
Spread around a rich perfume.

From the whiten'd hawthorn bushes,
And on each emblossom'd spray,
Mellow blackbirds, warbling thrushes,
Carol forth the tuneful lay.

Milky lambkins, harmless sporting,
Frolic o'er the dewy lawn,
Ring-doves, in the thickets courting,
Cooing usher in the dawn.

Music sweetly round us flowing,
Earth and air in concert move,
Every breast with rapture glowing,
Lost in extacy of love.

Thus in Eden's blissful station,
Swell'd the universal theme,
Beauty smil'd—and all Creation,
Sung the praise of God supreme.

Scenes of wonder daily rising,
Widely scatter'd o'er the clod,
Say with eloquence surprising,
Nature's self is full of God!

LOVE IN THE BLOSSOM.

OBSERVE where yonder rose-bush stands!
'Tis somewhat old, and much decay'd;
'Twas planted there by Henry's hands,
When Mary was a little maid.

This bush, he cried, I give to you;
It always was my favourite tree:
And prithee, little Mary, do
Look on it, and remember me.

These words in Mary's heart sunk deep,
And, though the cause she could not tell,
She would not give her eyes to sleep,
'Till that poor bush was water'd well.

With eyes impatient she beheld,
And chid fair spring! thy tardy power,
'Till the full bud triumphant swell'd,
And burst into a lovely flower.

She pluck'd it with an eager hand;
Shall I to Henry offer this?
She said, not long she made a stand,
Her heart responsive whisper'd yes.

And strange as it may seem to you,
Though roses lin'd the garden wall,
More lovely far, in Mary's view,
This single bush surpass'd them all.

And though the bush hung very thick
With flowers, and though the ground was
strewn,

None ventur'd there a rose to pick,
'Twas Henry's plunder, his alone.

And once a rose I saw him strip,
And give it to a stander-by;
Resentment quiver'd Mary's lip,
Her pride but half suppress'd the sigh.

Now join'd in wedlock's holy rite,
In mutual love and peace they dwell;
Yet still it gives their hearts delight
This simple incident to tell.

DOMESTIC PICTURE.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown:
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my daily gratitude engage;
A WIFE—the joy and transport of my youth,
A SON—the comfort of declining age.

Seek not to draw me from this calm retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with plain domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles
of love.

EPIGRAM—By Dean Swift.

THE rose's age is but a day;
Its bloom, the pledge of its decay:
Sweet in scent; its colour bright;
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

ON SHAME.

NATURE stamps shame in ev'ry heart,
Which serves instead of grace;
And if you drive it from that part,
It flies into the face.

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